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Yet you toss about all night, unable to sleep. It's your nerves that are unstrung. Weak nerves are starved nerves and you therefore need something to nourish and put vim and vitality into them. For this particular duty Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is highly endorsed by physicians. It is also invaluable in cases of POOR APPETITE, INSOMNIA, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, WEAK KIDNEYS, BILIOUSNESS AND MALARIA, FEVER AND AGUE. We hope you'll try it at once.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH - BITTERS

HOUSEKEEPERS OUGHT TO KNOW

Something about canned goods. Learn to buy certain brands that are known to be first class and that any grocer will recommend.

If you want the best goods that are reliable in purity and quality use

PALACE and EPIQUEAN CANNED GOODS.

Remember: "Money back if not satisfied", guarantee goes with every can.

Sold by all grocers.

E. J. WALKER,

Wholesale Agent, Fort Street.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY.

THERAPION. This successful remedy, used in the Continental Hospitals by Rector, Roux, Jobert, Velpaud, and others, combined all the desiderata to be sought in a medicine of the kind, and surpasses everything hitherto employed. THERAPION No. 1 maintains the world-wide reputation for its efficacy in the treatment of the kidneys, pain in the back, and rheumatic affections, affording prompt relief where other well-tried remedies have been powerless. THERAPION No. 2 for impurity of the blood, scurvy, purple spots, blotches, pains and swelling of joints, gout, rheumatism, & all diseases for which it has been too much a fashion to employ mercury, arsenic, etc., to the destruction of sufferers' teeth and ruin of health. This preparation purifies the whole system through the blood, and thoroughly eliminates all poisonous matter from the body. THERAPION No. 3 for exhaustion, sleeplessness, and all distressing consequences of overwork, worry, overwork, etc. It possesses surprising power in restoring strength and vigor to those suffering from the enervating influence of long residence in hot, unhealthy climates. THERAPION is sold by the principal chemists and druggists throughout the world. Price in England, 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. In order to obtain this which of the three numbers is required, and observe that the word "THERAPION" is on the British Government Stamp (in white letters on a red ground) affixed to every genuine package by order of His Majesty's Home Secretary, and without which it is a forgery.

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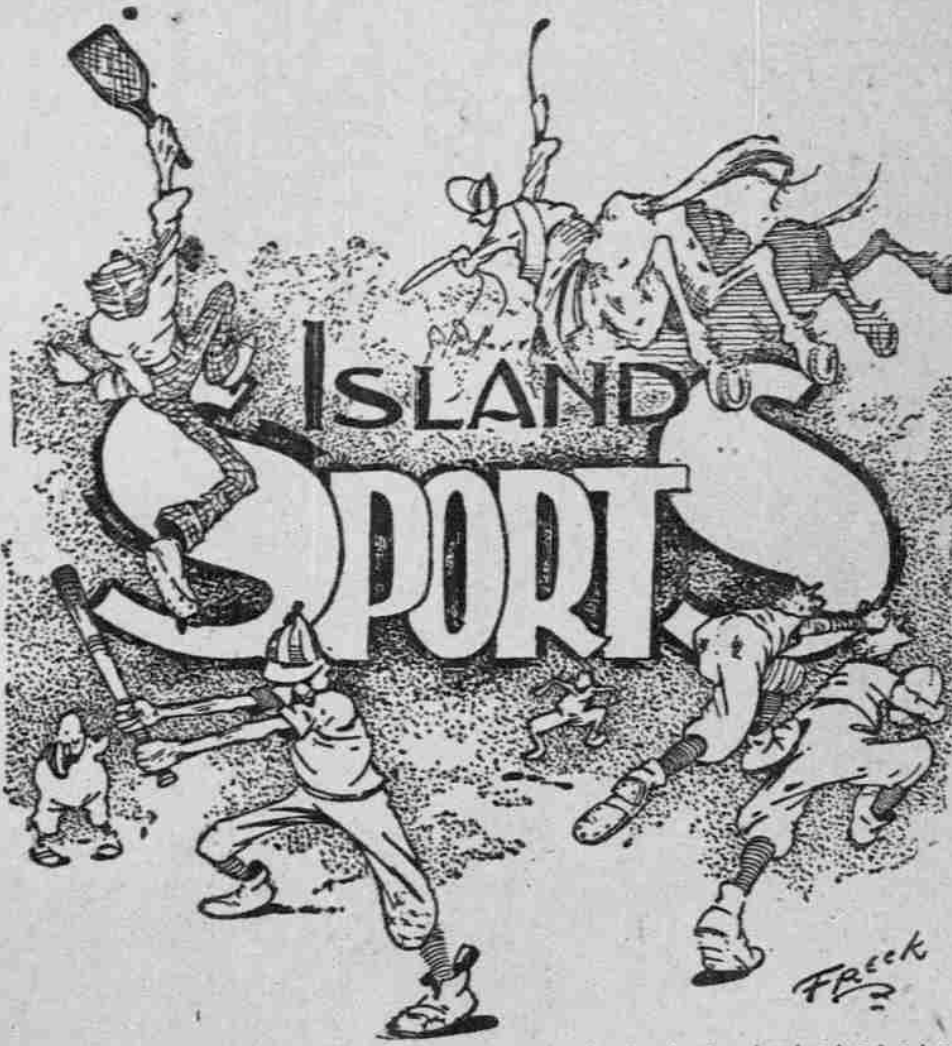
FUKURODA'S

Hotel St., No. 28 to 32.



The Famous A.B.C. Beers

are guaranteed absolutely pure.



DAVE BARRY TO FIGHT SULLIVAN AGAIN

Dave Barry, the champion of Hawaii, is at Metzner's training quarters, Larkspur, Cal., getting into trim for another fight. Some little time ago he wrote to his friend, Billy Woods, as follows about his defeat in the big contest in Los Angeles:

Larkspur, Cal., Aug. 20, 1904.

Friend Bill:

Lost after one of the fiercest fights ever seen in Los Angeles. Bill, I should have got a draw. I fought with one lamp for ten rounds and did all the forcing. He could not hurt me so I took his punches and walked in to him and made him fight all the way. He was a 10 to 4 favorite over me and the papers had him tipped to win in ten rounds. I surprised the public by the fight but they did not give me any credit before the fight and now they don't want to say that I should have had a draw. I won as much as Sullivan, but he was touted before the fight by the papers. We fight again pretty soon and then you watch how the decision will go. Bill, I let him hit me too much but he could not hurt me. But it looked bad. The next time he won't hit me so easy. I stand better now than ever and can get all kinds of work. I will take a rest for a month if I can. I have done a lot of fighting in a year. I made 158 easy for Sullivan. We fought at catch weights, but 158 was all I weighed. Bill, the big fight was a fake. The Butte miner did not have a chance: he could not hold his hands up.

Respectfully,
DAVE BARRY.

WHARF RATS ARE TO GATHER

There is trouble along the wharves. Captain Riley of the Hackfeld wharves has for some time commanded an aggregation of baseball fans known as the Wharf Rats. The team has been rather a successful one so other wharf rat managers along the "front" have their axes out for Riley. Captain Baker passed the word around the Oceanic wharf yesterday morning that he would head a flanking movement against the Riley forces at Kapiolani Park at nine o'clock on Sunday morning. Riley says that Baker is simply green with envy and that he will certainly have a sufficient force at the park to annihilate the Oceanic rats.

FOOTBALL MEN MEET

An enthusiastic meeting of football men was held at the Y. M. C. A. building last night. It was composed largely of members of last year's Maile team. Plans for the formation of a team to enter in the senior league were discussed. Much material is in sight and there is a bright outlook for a first class team.

"Barkeepers" Defeated.

The "Wharf Rats" defeated the "Barkeepers" in a lively game of baseball on Sunday morning at Kapiolani Park. The "Wharf Rats" feel particularly proud of their achievement as their opponents were largely from the Marine team.

Teacher—"The sentence, 'My father had money,' is in the past tense. Now, Mary, what tense would you be speaking in if you said, 'My father has money?'" Little Mary—"Oh, that would be pretense."—London Tit-Bits.

Clara overheard her parents talking about Bible names. "Is my name in the Bible?" she asked. "No, dear." "Didn't God make me?" "Yes." "Then why didn't he say something about it?"—Harper's Magazine.

MODLIN WOULD LIKE ONE MORE MEETING

Honolulu, Sept. 20, 1904.

Editor Advertiser: If you will kindly allow me the space in your valuable paper to say: Having heard since my exhibition with Mr. Joe Decker that there is some dissatisfaction as to the outcome, now if Mr. Decker or any of his admirers think that the decision was unfair I will box him twenty rounds at any time or place for the club offering the largest purse and a side bet of \$250. This offer will remain open two weeks.

I am yours, respectively,
G. W. MODLIN.

FINE BATCH OF SNAKE STORIES

Up at Aseph, in Tioga County, Mrs. Henry Brown, who lives at the edge of a pine timber belt, went into a bedroom on the first floor the other day, and was horrified to find a big rattlesnake wriggling itself out from behind a bicycle that leaned against the wall. Her baby had crawled into this room a few moments before, and was engaged at play not three feet from the serpent. Mrs. Brown attempted to strike the snake with a broom, but it sought refuge back of the bicycle wheel and occasionally thrust its ugly head at her in a threatening manner. Mr. Brown was called, by which time the snake had sought a hiding place under the bed. It was killed by a load of shot from a gun. How long the snake had been in the room, or how it had got there, nobody knew.

Probably the most thrilling experience of the season was that had by D. W. Mack and son, of South WilliamSPORT, while picking berries on the Bald Eagle Mountain. The boy, in scampering across a rock ledge, in search of a new patch of berries, ran into a family gathering of rattlers, all enjoying a midday siesta in the sunshine. The elder Mr. Mack has long been used to life in the woods, and he attacked the rattlers with alacrity, succeeding in killing 17 of the number. How many escaped under the rocks he could not tell.

One particularly aggressive rattler, and one possessing a pronounced protuberance midway along its shiny form was killed by a thrust of Mr. Mack's hunting knife. The gash thus made in its body disclosed the legs of some animal which the snake had swallowed. Mr. Mack then further released the prisoner, and was somewhat surprised to find that the animal was a fair-sized weasel, and that it was still alive, though much the worse for its enforced residence inside the voracious reptile.

Rattlesnakes are fond of chicken diet. Abram Karl, of White Deer Valley, lost seven of a brood of choice Plymouth Rock chicks. He was confident that neither cats nor other four-legged thieves could reach the brood, so kept vigil over the crate. One day last week he reached the place just in time to find a big rattlesnake stretched out on top of the screen in which the chickens were kept. The snake had a foot or more of itself pushed down through one of the segments of the screen, and already another chick had fallen prey to his appetite. Mr. Karl dispatched the snake, which measured over four feet. It had evidently taken up a residence in an old stone fence near the chicken yard, and every day or so it glided out to the Plymouth Rock coop, selected a plump specimen of chick and crawled away with it.

Black snakes have a proclivity for eggs. They will empty a hen's nest with zest. Clarence, the nine-year-old son of Farmer Amos Summerson, of Leidy Township, went into the barn one afternoon last week to gather eggs. He found an old hen that had been sitting on a nestful of eggs, on the barn floor, in a much excited frame of mind. The boy was about to restore her to her sitting when the shiny head and a foot or more of the body of a large black snake was whisked almost into his face, the snake having coiled itself in the trough-like apartment where the hen's nest was located. The boy called his father, and when the snake was dispatched it was found to

measure the surprising length of seven and one half feet. It had devoured all but two of the eggs on which the hen had been sitting.

An unusually large number of copperheads were killed this season. This species of snake, and one of the most venomous, is found mostly in meadows and wheat fields. He is a sluggish reptile, slow to get out of the way, yet treacherous and vindictive. Cows are frequently victims of this species of Pennsylvania serpent.—Williamsport (Penn.) Correspondence Philadelphia Record.

Lawyer—"You have taken your oath, and I want you to answer each of my questions honestly." Witness—"Yes, sir." Lawyer—"What is your occupation?" Witness—"I am a driver." Lawyer—"Do you drive a wagon?" Witness—"No, sir; I do not." Lawyer—"Now be careful, and remember that you are on your oath. You admit that you are a driver; now, honestly don't you drive a wagon?" Witness—"No, sir; I drive a horse."—Albany Evening Journal.

Sir Conan Doyle recently told a story of an English officer who was badly wounded in South Africa, and the military surgeon had to shave off that portion of his brains which protruded from his skull. The officer got well, and later on in London the surgeon asked whether he knew that a portion of his brain was in a glass bottle in a laboratory. "Oh, that does not matter now," replied the soldier; "I've got a permanent position in the war office."

According to Congressman Wade, of Iowa, a young man once took a sack of corn to an old-fashioned mill to have it ground into meal. The mill was fearfully slow, only a tiny stream of meal trickling out. At last the young man became impatient, and complained to the miller. "Do you know," he said, "I could eat that meal faster than your old mill can grind it?" "Yes," replied the miller, "but how long could you keep on eating it?" "Until I starved," was the conclusive answer of the young man.

COULD SCARCELY WALK.—Mr. G. S. Purton, a resident of Kyneton, Victoria, Australia, says: "Some time ago I was attacked with severe pains and stiffness in my legs, which affected me so that I could scarcely walk, when I was recommended to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain-Balm by our local chemist, Mr. Stredwick. I have used it once a day since, and have experienced wonderful relief. I am indeed grateful for the good it has done me and shall be happy to recommend Chamberlain's Pain-Balm to anyone suffering from a similar complaint." For sale by all dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for Hawaii.

Fair passenger—"Won't you have a paper, sir?" Hoggy—"Why—er—what makes you offer me a paper?" Fair passenger—"I thought you'd be more comfortable while women are standing if you could hide your face!"—ex.

At the club: First member—"I've been up with the sun every day this summer." Second member—"So have I, but after I've walked the floor with him for awhile, I usually go back to sleep again."—Detroit Free Press.

MEN, I'LL CURE YOU!



Let any man who is weak, broken down, old and decrepit in physical weakness, full of pains and aches, gloomy, despondent and cheerless—any man who wants to be stronger and younger than he feels—let him come and tell me how he feels, and if I say that I can cure him I will forfeit \$1,000 if I fail. I don't want money that I don't earn. I don't need it, and am not after it. But I am after the dollars that are now going wrong in the quest of health. Look at all these poor wrecks of humanity that are spending all they earn on drugs—dope that is paralyzing their vital organs—that have spent all they have earned for years without gaining a pound of strength for the hundreds of dollars wasted.

That is the money that I am after, because for every dollar I take I can give a thousand per cent interest. I have cured so many cases right here that I can prove my claims to you, but if that proof is not enough I'll give you the names of men right near you—where you are. Is that fair?

Most of the belts that I am selling now are to men who have been sent here by their friends whom I have cured. I think that is the best evidence that my business is a success from the standpoint of cures, as well as on the dollar side.

Just lately I have received letters of praise from these men: James P. Daniels, 709 Devadaro street, San Francisco. He was cured of a back trouble of 12 years' standing.

J. M. Gaskill, 220 Chestnut ave., Santa Cruz, Cal., who says I cured him of indigestion, constipation, nervousness and lumbago from which he had suffered 15 years.

Wherever you are, I think I can give you the name of a man in your town that I have cured. Just send me your address and let me try. This is my twenty-fourth year in the business of pumping new vim into wornout humanity and I've got cures in nearly every town on the map.

Write to me. I've got a nice book on men that I'll send sealed, free, if you inclose this ad.

DR. M. G. McLAUGHLIN, 906 Market St., San Francisco.

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